Oates New Shams Diſcovered :

And how they carried it on from Time to Time

Sent in a Letter to his Grace *James* Duke of *Monmouth*, from Doctor *Titus Oates*.

ABout ten years agone, this Kingdom I ſay, was got with Child, with a huge and horrible *Popiſh-Plot*, it had neither Head nor Foot, but ſixty thouſand Rumps and Tails, and what d'ye call'ems. Now Sir about five years agone---her Belly began to Gripe---ſhe made foul Faces and lookt very black in the Fundament, and fell into Labour with this Plot; and was very ill indeed, ſhe father'd the Plot upon the *Jeſuits*, and ſeveral other perſons of Quality--and ſeveral of the *Papiſts* were hang'd and cut in pieces and the reſt Begger'd and Ruin'd, and all the able Men-Midwives in *England* were ſent for, to help to deliver her of this great Belly: But that great States Midwife: *Shaftsbury*---who took his turn for four years together, and at laſt with a full Reſolution to fetch it out, thruſt his hand a little too far, and broke a Leg or an Arm, and was forc'd to run away to ſave his Neck. Then was choſe a Councel of ſix of the able States Midwives of the Kingdom, to try Experiments, amongſt whom the Lord *Ruſſel* fearing to be out done; fell to work Tooth and Nail; but being too hot upon't happens to lay hold on the Arſe gut and all beſhit his Fingers. Upon this misfortune he fell into a deſperate paſſion; and in Revenge reſolved to cut his Majeſties Throat, but juſt in the attempt, his own Head dropt off.

Next comes [redacted]wife *Gray*, but having juſt left his two Wives behind the Curtain which were really Siſters, and he not being able to ſatisfie one, his Horns, on a ſudden ſprouted out, ſo much longer than his Arms, that they gored *Brittain* into the Belly, before he could reach it, which put her into a ſuch a Fit of Torture and Kicking, as frighted him out of his ſence and ſight of the World, that he was never ſeen ſince.

Then comes *E---x* with ſerious reſerved, deliberate gravity: And as ſoon as he had felt how it was with her---he pretended to wiſh that the *K.* did but know half ſo much as he did, but feeling the ſecond time---ſhe unmannerly ſlaſt her Tail in his Eye, and piſt in his Face--- which cauſed ſome of the Deputy Midwives to laugh at him; which put the Earl into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſwore the *K.* had a hand in it---for which and other Crimes he was clapt up; and in Revenge he played the fool and cut his own Throat.

Then comes the [redacted]ering *Tickle me Tom*, and he was ſo fooliſh Raſh, he'd needs father the Pug before it was Born; he was ſo in love with the Baſtard that attempted to cut off the Royal Line to make a King on't: which made *Brittain* up with her heel and hit him a dab o'th' Chops and farted in his Face ---Gad, what does he do for madneſs, but transforms himſelf into the Spawn of a Makrel and was never heard of ſince.

Next comes Perking *Teckely*---though a Baſtard he had an undoubted Right to the Imporial Crown of *England*, he laid both his Commiſſions, Life, and his expected Crown, that he'd fetch it out the firſt attempt without difficulty--Then he falls to work, Sir, upon the Brat, and got by the Back with both hands at once---and pull'd it with ſuch an undaunted Courage that five hundred Rumps and Tails come off in his hands---and he loſt his hold, which ſo inflam'd his Grace, that he turned up her Tail, and ſhewed her Nakedneſs to forty thouſand of the Rabble---which made *Brittain* pull him by

by the Lugs--and wrapt a Ladys thirteen Smock about his Chops and [illegible] and sent his Addle-head, Reeling, Blindfold from the Land of *Ireland* a-*Reeling*; where the other Sister wip'd his Chops---and he sputtered and Hector'd about and threatned Revenge for a while; but at last was left in a Mist, like *Æneas*, for ingratitude and never we heard of since--a great many more made the like attempt, with such or worse success--and some haug'd, some in hold, some turn'd Trimmers, and the rest run away; for just in the interim when the *K.* was to have been Murthered comes me in---one *Hazard*, *Rumsey*, *West*, and *Keeling*----and undertook to deliver this great Belly---and upon the word of a *Priest*, they handled it with such Dexterity, that in a fortnights time, they brought out this great Monster----and what do you think it was that made all this noise e'en honest *Presbyter John*-- a Delicate Bulk, but so stuft with *Socrates* Noble *Peer's Speech*; *Holy Leagues*, and *Covenants*, &c. that it was farting full again: And being *Incubus* it spoke as soon as it was Born, and named above six-Hundred Fathers that were at the getting on't *Shaftsburys*, *Tongue*, and my self, three of the Chief: then drawing its Mouth on one side; Cry'd, You must all turn *Turks* or be damn'd-and ever since I have had a great Ambition to leave off my Hypocritical Jump, and turn *Mufty*. But how do you think this *Brat* serv'd us at last; for all we have lick't it into five hundred shapes and colours; nothing serves its turn but speaking truth with a Pox to the *Rascal*: and has spoiled all our future proceedings; and we have lost the Charter into the bargain. But as for Popish Commissions, Spanish Pilgrims, Black Balls, French Armies, *Pickerings* Guns, *Tewksbury* Mustard-Balls, Popish plots &c. I received ready mony for them: both from Court and City at once: but now, notwithstanding all my Guards, I was arrested three or four times a week, and have neither Plot nor Commission to make a penny [illegible] to help my self withal; and my *Bums*, like a company of Ravenous W[illegible] are ready to tear my heart out. But for *Wests* Blunderbuss, *Wil*[illegible] Cannon, most of them are visibly taken and Seized by the K---Just now my sacred person was seized for twenty pounds due for linnen, which I took up to wipe clean my Bum. To conclude Sir, unless our party can get to a head, before the K. calls a Parliment, all our Gang must of necessity flie to your Mightiness for Refuge--Therefore I beseech you let the *Sarraglio*, be forthwith made ready for me, and my Retinue--for Bums, I shall carry fourscore along with me, for Whores, and Bonds, let there be two thousand made ready: for I intended to out-do *Sallomon* in *Lecchery*, *Mahomet* in *Blasphemy*, and *Judas* in *Perjury* and *Treachery*--

ADVERTISEMENT.

An Excellent new Copy of Verses, of the *English* Rebels sad complaint of their Entertainment in *France*, *Spain*, and *Venice*; Sung to the Lady *Shaftsbury*. Sold by *Absalom Chamberlain*.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Power*, and are to be sold by *Absalom Chamberlain*.